

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Life's Pathway.

ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.

An aged man, while musing, stands
Beneath a spreading maple's shade,
Contrasting in his wrinkled hands
Deformed leaf-stem and perfect blade.

Enrobed are they in brightest green;
For nature's products are they both,
Grown together; yet one has sheen,—
Has graceful form and perfect growth.

Infused within the other's veins,—
Just like foul blots on purest white,—
King Illness leaves his lethal stains,
Luxuriance from the stalk to blight.

Men like these lowly growths do fare;
Nor does the Lord to beauty yield
One ray of hope, one breath of air,
Precluded from the cripple's field.

"Quixotic joy!" the aged man,
Reflecting says; "illusve thought!
Some gifts I lost; my life-blood ran
To find content,—accomplished naught.

"Unto my Maker's will Divine,
Vow I to e'er myself enthrall.
While God protects my earthly vine,
Xenodochy I'll show to all.

"Youth's life I sold; but now wealth, fee,
Zeal—all, I give to Jehovah;
& He to me will ever be
Alpha, Beta and Omega."

WM. J. KELLY.

—Thackeray tells a good story of a poor woman begging alms from him. On seeing him put his hand into his pocket, she exclaimed, "May the blessing of God follow you all the days of your life!" But when he only pulled out his snuff box, she immediately added, "And never overtake you!"

Causes of the War of the Revolution.

BY R. E. FLEMING.

The English colonists in North America had scarcely emerged from their war against the French and Indians when, by the tyrannizing manner in which the mother-country attempted to retard their progress in civilization, wealth, and manufactures, they were forced, weak as they then were, to again take up arms in defence of their rights and privileges, or voluntarily submit to become the slaves of the same power which had been, a few years before, their aid and protector in their struggles with the French settlers and the neighboring Indian tribes. But these brave colonists, nothing daunted by the power and opulence of their oppressor, or by the weakness and poverty of themselves, and still less inclined to submit to the humiliating yoke of slavery, eagerly chose the former. They feared not to engage in a war the prospects of which appeared so gloomy to their interests, for they knew and felt that the cause for which they were to fight was a just one, and that "right often makes might." We shall see, later on, how greatly beneficial to them and their posterity was the wisdom of their choice. To avoid any ambiguity which might arise in the uses of the different names, we will designate the English colonists in North America by the name of Americans.

The first act which started the spirit of rebellion in the hearts of the Americans was the imposition by the mother-country of the "restrictions on trade." The principal cause for this unjust act was nothing more than that the Americans, by patience and industry, had acquired some skill in the manufacture from home productions of sundry articles of apparel, household utensils, farming implements, etc.; and the manufacture of such articles in America being a pecuniary loss to the British merchants, who had formerly furnished America with them, produced in the home Government a feeling of jealousy against the Americans for the acquirements to which they had attained, and imbued it with the desire to make America wholly dependent upon British merchants and manufacturers. With such intention, Parliament imposed upon the Americans this unjust measure, which not only forbade the transportation of these manufactures from one plantation to another, but even went so far as to make it an unlawful act to manufacture them, saying that manufactories, etc., were to be regarded as "nuisances," and therefore that they would not be allowed to exist. But lofty as may have been the expectations of the British Government with regard to the benefits to be derived by her merchants from the laying of such a restriction, it is certain that they were but slightly realized; for the Americans, notwithstanding that the

"Navigation Act," forbidding them to trade with any country other than England, had been passed previously to this time, showed by their carrying on an extensive commerce with the West Indies and other places, that they neither respected an unjust law nor were dependent for their subsistence upon English merchants and manufacturers. This so exasperated England, that to put a stop to these smuggling operations and enforce her decrees, she employed one of the most unjust means ever concocted by any Government, ancient or modern: it was that of issuing to the officers of the British customs certain documents called "Writs of Assistance," which gave full authority to the persons by whom they were possessed to enter any warehouse, place of business, etc., and to search for, and destroy, any articles of merchandise which they even suspected had not paid duty. The Americans were greatly incensed at these proceedings, and in Massachusetts, where the writs were first granted, the most furious opposition raged against them; in fact, it necessitated a test of their legality, which was accordingly held in the court at Boston; but James Otis, the advocate-general of the Crown, not only refused to defend them, but, espousing the American cause, delivered a strong speech against them. Of Otis, John Adams used the following words: "Otis was a flame of fire; he carried all before him. American independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take up arms against the 'Writs of Assistance.'"

In spite of all the exertions of the Americans to the contrary, "the legality of the writs was finally upheld"; but so violent was the opposition to them, and so great the animosity that existed toward the persons by whom they were to be enforced, that the British officers did not dare attempt to execute them. Such proceedings as these could not help but kindle the fire of independence in the hearts of such a spirited and patriotic people as the Americans then were. But besides the "Restrictions on Trade" and the "Writs of Assistance," the mother country oppressed them in various other ways. Among these we will cite the sending of an army to America to quell any resistance that might be made to her decrees and forcing the Americans to furnish them with quarters, ordering that persons guilty of any grave offence should be sent to England for trial; and several others of like unjust nature. But the most tyrannical of all was the laying of the Stamp Act, which declared that "every document used in trade, as well as every legal paper, to be valid, must have affixed to it a stamp, the lowest in value costing a shilling, and then increasing in price according to the importance of the paper. The Americans sent Benjamin Franklin to England to oppose it; in fact, they did all in their power to prevent its passage; but their efforts were unavailing, and the Stamp Act was passed in March, 1765. This caused great indignation in the heart of every American; not that the tax was too heavy, but because it was tyrannical and unjust. They claimed that they could not be lawfully taxed by a body none of the members of which was an American; in other words, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and that the American Assembly alone had sole power to impose obligations upon them. They thereupon decided not to trade with England, or any other country which sided with her while the tax remained; the courts resolved to conduct their business without stamps, in the hope that the act would shortly be rescinded. The injury in-

flicted upon the British merchants by these resolutions produced the desired effect in Parliament, and the stamp-tax was repealed March 18, 1766, about one year after its passage. After other unsuccessful attempts to impose taxes upon tea, paper, glass, and upon tea alone in 1767 and 1773 respectively, which only added fuel to the flame of independence already burning in the hearts of the Americans, the home Government clearly perceived that all attempts to tax such a patriotic people would inevitably end in failure.

The British army, stationed in Boston, also gave the Americans no small amount of trouble, and quarrels were of frequent occurrence between the citizens and the soldiers. At length on March 5, 1770, the latter fired into the crowd, killing three and mortally wounding some others. This is known as the Boston massacre, and might be called the first blood of the war: and the reports of which being greatly exaggerated and wide-spread filled the country with alarm and excitement; the embers of independence which had long slumbered in the hearts of the Americans now broke forth into a glaring flame and fired them with the desire of independence, of making their own laws and imposing their own taxes. A general Congress of delegates was called to provide means for the common defence. Fifty-five delegates, representing every province except Georgia, promptly responded, and met in Philadelphia on September 5, 1774, Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, being President of the Assembly. This is known as the "old" Continental Congress. Some of the principal members were George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, the Adamses, Benjamin Franklin, and John Jay, all of whom were statesmen as eminent probably as any the United States have since produced. The sessions lasted seven weeks, during which time the delegates drew up a Declaration of Rights, in which they pronounced as tyrannical such actions of Parliament as quartering soldiers upon them, sending accused persons to England for trial, etc., without their permission; they maintained also, that the Americans had full right to participate in the laying of the taxes which they were to pay, and in the making of the laws by which they were to be governed. Much other business also was transacted, but want of space prevents our going into details. But while this was transpiring in Congress, the people throughout the country had taken up arms, enrolled themselves in military companies, and marched with such alacrity towards Boston—which was then the principal scene of action—that in the short space of one month there was collected about that city an army of about twenty thousand raw, but determined, militia men, whose patriotism and courage made ample amends for their lack of experience. General Gage, who commanded the British army in Boston, becoming alarmed at these proceedings, sent home a request for reinforcements and began fortifying his position. The first battle of the Revolution was fought on the 19th of April, 1776, at Concord, sixteen miles from Boston, between a detachment of British soldiers, who had gone there for the purpose of destroying military supplies, and an inferior number of patriots, who had hastily collected from the neighboring settlements and plantations, in which the Americans were victorious, the British losing 273 men, the Americans, 88.

So began that fierce and hotly-contested struggle of the weak against the strong, the oppressed against the oppressor, and the brave and just against the cowardly and tyrannical, which, after eight years of bloodshed and

crime, ended by the Americans gaining their complete independence. They had not as yet, however, openly declared themselves independent of the mother-country; on the contrary, they made the most strenuous efforts to settle amicably the difficulties then existing between themselves and England, and to avoid the unnatural war. But England, presumptuous of her power, determined to bring the rebellious (?) Americans under subjection; she would listen to no statement whatever from the Americans of the wrongs which were suffered by them, neither did she heed the prudent advice of some of her best statesmen.—Pitt, Burke, Barre, and others,—to diverge from a course which would certainly end in failure. At last, the Americans, perceiving that no redress could be obtained through entreaty, determined to renounce all connection with England, declare themselves a free people, and risk the chances of war. These resolutions were promptly carried out on July 4, 1776, in Congress, in Philadelphia, when the delegates of twelve of the thirteen colonies (those of New York not having authority from their State Government to do so) decided that: "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Congress also made extensive preparations to carry on the war, subscribing large sums of money for the purchase of military supplies; calling for volunteers to make the American armies, if possible, equal in number, if not in experience, to those of Great Britain; and ordering the construction of ships of war to protect the seaport towns, and the commerce. George Washington, whose fame and glory will last for ages yet to come, was appointed Commander-in-chief of all the American armies, at a very handsome salary. He accepted the office, but declined the salary, choosing to fight for the liberty of his country and of himself rather than for any pecuniary recompense. He received his reward at the end of the war, during which he contributed more than any other one person to the gaining of his country's independence, in the love and esteem of his fellow-countrymen, among whom his memory will live forever. Undaunted amidst the greatest dangers, and self-possessed in the most embarrassing situations, he lost but few battles during the eight years of warfare, and, like Cicero of old, who delivered Rome, his native country, from the tyrannical designs of her enemies, Washington received, and truly did he deserve, the surname of the *Father of his Country*.

St. Thomas's Day at St. Laurent, Canada.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, March —, 1881.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—The festival of St. Thomas of Aquin was celebrated here, as, no doubt, in the other Catholic colleges throughout the world, with a solemnity proportioned to the glory and fame of the Saint, and to the grandeur of his achievements in learning. All nature, too, seemed to vie with the Church in paying honor to the Angelic Doctor. She began to cast off the robes in which she had been arrayed during the long winter months, and to assume, as it were, her Sunday garments. The smiling sun dissipated the gloom that had rested on her brow for so long a time, and

chased away the clouds from every countenance. Even the sombre old buildings rang with the merry shouts of joyful students; and, as now and then the merry voices became hushed, the echoes dying slowly away in the long corridors seemed to fill with their wailings every nook, which but a moment before rang with mirth, and which in the next moment might listen to merry, joyous songs. They seemed to say as plainly as by words: "We rejoice in your birth, St. Thomas! for a beam of divine wisdom was sent from heaven to illumine your understanding, in order that it might guide the Church into safer channels. We grieve that death has snatched you too soon from our midst, but rejoice that the dawn of another life has burst upon you with its more than Eastern splendor."

After breakfast, the students attended High Mass. The music and singing were excellent; for our musicians felt that they should make a superior effort to render due praise to the patron Saint of learning. Every ornament in the chapel seemed to have a changed appearance, to have assumed a brigher look than usual. Everything was such as was calculated to impress the mind with the solemnity of the ceremony, and to arouse in the soul a generous love of religion. Father Carrier, C. S. C., preached a powerful sermon in eulogy of St. Thomas. It was (like every sermon of Father Carrier's) listened to with profound attention. All anticipated something superior from him, especially since he, also, is a native of sunny Southern Europe; but no one was, we think, prepared to hear such an eloquent eulogy, such graphic descriptions, and such fine delineations of character. His sermon was, in our opinion, one of the grandest productions of his gifted mind, and all who heard it were struck as much by his impressive manner of delivery as by the deep undercurrent of beautiful sentiment and his elegant phraseology.

Father Carrier gave a glowing description of the birth-place of the great Saint, which was also the birth-place of so many great men—men who, like St. Thomas, have made their names memorable, but not in the same manner, nor in an equal degree. He drew a beautiful picture of the scenes of the Saint's early life, and so accurately did his words portray them that they came to our minds more vividly than the most skilful painter could represent them to us on the canvas. From his eloquent lips, we saw them as clearly as if they were before us in all their living, glowing beauty. He then showed how such scenes were congenial to the early life of the Saint; how they nourished in his mind that beautiful childlike simplicity so peculiarly a characterizing feature of saintly qualities; how they imparted to the Saint a love of seclusion, and habits of meditation, qualities which, no doubt, called into play his great inborn genius, and directed it to a study in which he has immortalized his name. From a description of the scenes of the Saint's childhood and early life, he turned to a description of his youthful character. He told of the inclination evinced so early in his life for sacred things, of the genius and love of learning displayed by the Saint as soon as his baby lips had learned to frame his thoughts into intelligible sentences. No one who heard all this from the Rev. orator could wonder at the Saint's holy life, or the position he attained, and will ever hold, amongst the learned men of all times. He spoke in fitting terms of the Saint's career at college, his dislike of becoming conspicuous among his fellow-students, and his almost habitual silence, showing most plainly that this proceeded, not from a want of ability on the part of St. Thomas,

but from a pious humility which restrained him from a display of his talents, while it served to bring his virtues into bolder relief. Father Carrier then told of our Saint's after-struggles in overcoming the dislike which his relations and friends felt for his choice of vocation. He told of his determination, his trials and sufferings, and of his final victory over every obstacle. The Rev. preacher then showed by this how exalted virtue may rise above every wordly consideration, and how earthly goods sink into insignificance beside a pure and holy love of God and of divine things. He afterwards spoke of the Saint's teachings and writings, whilst at the same time he deplored his inability to praise in fitting terms productions which are universally admired, and consulted as unfailing authority in theological and philosophic questions. The death of the Saint called forth all the eloquence of Father Carrier: and, after having described his pious resignation to the Divine will, and his joy upon quitting the world, the preacher exhorted us to strive to imitate the Saint's virtues, and to ever keep his life before our minds as an example of Christian excellence.

The remainder of the day was spent in various sports, and the recreation-yard rang with joyous shouts such as proceed only from the light hearts of students. In the evening, the St. John's Society gave a musical Entertainment, which closed in an appropriate manner the festivities of the day; for what more appropriate on such a day than to soothe the senses with the harmonious strains of one of God's greatest gifts, the voice, and with the melody arising from instruments fashioned by man's hands, yet giving evidence of God in their materials? On this occasion, the St. John's Society upheld the reputation they enjoy in this college of never failing to present a delightful entertainment. Altogether, the day was one of the pleasantest that we have spent for some time.

We can never forget our college days. They are endeared to us by too many pleasing reminiscences and ties of friendship. The scenes of our youthful struggles will ever possess a peculiar charm for us; and, when they recall to our mind our college days, foremost amongst all will be the remembrance of hours made joyous by the productions of gifted minds and by sports and music. These are the thoughts that endear to our hearts our *Alma Mater*; for, had we nothing in common with our early homes but the knowledge there acquired, we could feel only a sense of gratefulness. There would be no loving thoughts of that home entwined in our memory; but the happy days spent in our *Alma Mater* will never be effaced from our minds.

WM J. KELLY.

Art, Music and Literature.

—An international fine-art exhibition will take place this year at the Kunstlehaus in Vienna.

—The sale of the 123 works, composing the Coale collection, realized \$71,477. Meissonier's "Musketeer" brought \$6,750.

—A picture by Flandrin, bequeathed to the Louvre by M. E. Vinet, has been added to the gallery of modern paintings. It is the portrait of a woman.

—Detaile is finishing on a New York order, "Bavarian Cavalrymen Taken Prisoners by Chasseurs d'Afrique," and brought before a Captain of the staff.

—M. Elie Berger is preparing the publication of 8,000 or 9,000 documents hitherto unpublished and taken from the archives of the Vatican. They are expected to have great interest for scholars and historians.

—It is understood that the library of the late Dr. Edwin H. Chapin will be sold at auction. It contains from 15,000 to 20,000 volumes, and was believed by its late owner to be the largest private library in the country.

—The Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) has completed a water-color sketch of Mr. William Lee, the hero of the novel, "A Sailor's Sweetheart," lashed, as he represents himself, in the top of the water-logged brig in the South Pacific.

—The paintings of E. Delacroix in the library of the Palais, Bourbon, are threatened with destruction, owing to

the cracking of the wall on which they exist. A commission of experts, architects, painters, and critics has been appointed to enquire into the matter, and, if possible, secure the pictures from further injuries.

—A curious and important historical work is announced as a forthcoming publication in Paris. It is a collection of letters exchanged by M. de Talleyrand and Louis XVIII, during the sitting of the Congress of Vienna. The discovery of this precious collection is M. Pallain. They were found in the archives for foreign affairs.

—Gluck's "Alceste" has been magnificently mounted at the Leipsic Stadt Theatre, and notwithstanding the— for modern audiences—somewhat tedious progress of its action, the work has excited much interest. A "cyclus" of performances of the great reformer's operas was announced to take place at the same establishment, including "Orpheus," "Iphigenia in Aulis," "Iphigenia in Tauris," "Alceste," and "Armida," thus affording a rare opportunity for the study of a highly characteristic and important phrase in the development of modern opera-drama.

—M. Meissonier is at the present time working, says the *Chronique des Arts*, on a picture entitled "Reconnaissance de Dragons, conduite par un Paysan de la Forêt-Noire." He is likewise occupied by "Un Réception dans un Chateau sous Louis XIII." These pictures are to be exhibited throughout Europe by a Belgian firm of picture-dealers, who have contracted for them at great prices. M. Meissonier's "Halte de Cuirassiers," exhibited in 1878 in the Champ de Mars, and there sold for 150,000 francs, has been recently re-sold for 200,000 francs, and again re-sold to "un Américain" for 250,000 francs.

—On the 1st of March, Mr. W. D. Howells resigns the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which will be filled Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Howells has been ten years editor of this leading magazine, and during that time he has constantly added to his reputation as a novelist. He has mainly cultivated the feature of delicacy in his selections for the magazine, and many believe that this has been done at a serious loss to strength. His task has been rendered lighter by the steady contributions from a few famous old writers, whose productions easily preserve the tone of a magazine as "first-rate." Mr. Howells, it is rumored, and it is to be hoped, may get a foreign appointment from President Garfield. He would be a good representative, and his leisure would enrich American literature. Mr. Aldrich, the new editor, is one of the leading writers of the country, both as novelist and poet. His work is always tender, imaginative and strong. The exquisite finish of many of his dainty poems is, perhaps, incomparable among American poets. He is a young man, and he will take the reins with no unskilled hand. Under his guidance there is little fear that Boston's famous magazine will take a milder lustre.—*The Pilot*.

Scientific Notes.

—John B. Gough, referring to the question whether alcohol was a food or a medicine, remarked that in his opinion it was "very much like sitting down on a hornet's nest—stimulating, but not nourishing."

—Herr Karsten has devised an instrument which he calls the "siren telephone." It consists simply of a circular disk, about 4 inches in diameter, having 24 small magnetic bars fixed radially on its surface, which is caused to revolve rapidly before a bell telephone, from which the iron plate has been removed. The tones change in a certain numerical relation according to the direction inward or outward in which the similar poles may be placed on the disk or to the series of combinations in which the positive and negative poles may be arranged.

—A Rochester journalist, who visited Prof. Swift, and had a view of the moon, says: The telescope, with a power of thirty-six diameters, was turned upon the moon. At first the flood of light was blinding, and the view was but cursory. The moon looked like a shield of embossed silver—the shield of Achilles, hung by his goddess mother in the

azure of the heavens. Prof. Swift looked over the field, and noted as he looked many of the interesting points, and suggested that we follow the sunrise on the moon. On the moon the dawn advanced at the rate of five miles an hour, lighting up new fields and furnishing an ever-changing panorama. Still there is naught but desolation, yawning craters and sharp peaks of volcanic mountains and circular walls with perpendicular sides that surround deep pits. The moon is dead to all appearance—burned out with volcanic fires. No water laves the desolate and rugged shores of its great sea bottoms. But in the gray plains where some astronomers think an ocean once spread, craters are seen with perpendicular walls. The gray plains can be seen with naked eye, forming what is called "the man in the moon," on a map like the eastern continent. Under the telescope we could trace what at first seemed to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these lines appeared to be but rounded steps formed by successive lava bursts spreading over the plain and marking, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with sunshine before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. From the large craters rays spread out, as though the volcanic forces cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting through the broken surface ridges of dazzling white lava, spread out like the arms of cuttlefish, covering a vast surface. The grandest phenomena are to be observed by following the sun on the moon. The advancing dawn forms a ragged crescent line upon the surface still in the darkness. The sun's rays pass over dark chasms and low fields, lighting up ragged mountain tops in advance. They appear like little islands of light lying off the coast of an illumined sea. High mountains and crater walls near the shore of light cast deep shadows. The circular rims of the crater are illuminated, and shine like rings of silver glittering on a cushion of darkness. The advancing dawn now lights up the bases of the outlying mountains that but a moment ago showed but a speck of light, and still new mountain tops are tipped with silver far in advance. The sunlight strikes upon the side of a circular wall of a crater, and there is a silver crescent; with a black space between it and the sea of light. Slowly the summit or other portions of the circular wall are lighted up, and the sunshine invades the depths of the crater, while the shadow of the wall nearest the sun stretches half across the floor of the chasm. Frequently great gaps are broken in the crater walls, and streaks of light stream across the floor. The jagged rocks, in calm, cold beauty, shine and glitter in the fierce white light. The mountains are mountains of desolation, and the valleys are valleys of silence and death. They are wrinkled with the flow of lava and torn with upheavals. The moon is dead. No air, no sea, no forest shade or living thing. The moon is a never-failing source of delight. It is also awful in its suggestions of power and its loneliness of utter desolation.

—*Printer's Economist*.

Exchanges.

—*The Portfolio* is as welcome as ever. The rhyming editorial in the last number is a first-class affair. A review of the contents of the paper would only be a string of laudatory remarks, so we forbear further comment.

—*The Haverfordian* editors have warmed up to business lately, and get out an interesting paper. The series of articles on "The Cockney Poets" and "French Philosophy in the Eighteenth Century" are written with care, and evince a wealth of reading and depth of discrimination not often found among students. The exchange editor seems determined to keep pace with the general improvement in the other departments.

—*The Lariat*, always a breezy college paper, is, if anything, improving as it grows older. We are glad to see that it has turned upon "The New Religion" that tried to deceive it in its youthful days, and evidently means to strangle it and make it a "subject" for the dissecting room.

It would prove a capital "stiff," and worth some trouble in the procuring, but we are afraid that *The Lariat* will scarcely succeed in doing more than making it keep at a respectful distance from Wabash.

—Our first, and rather unfavorable, opinion of *The Illini*, from the University of Illinois, has undergone a radical change, and the more we see of it the better we like it. It isn't so much of the *Dickinson Liberal* order, after all,—and we are glad of it. We dislike papers in which the editors take a delight in ventilating their mooning propensities. Time enough for that when they bid good-bye to their text-books. *The Illini* is a neat paper, and ably edited. It has become a welcome visitor to our *Attic* den.

—The *Watertown Gazette* editor, although he positively hates bange, is nevertheless a great stickler for women's rights—not "*Woman's Rights*," (which in reality would be woman's wrongs if they could force an acknowledgment from the sterner sex). He says, "The woman who does a man's work should receive a man's pay." We hope he'll stick to this principle, and gain over all the adherents he can to it; it seems to be sound. It surely costs a woman as much as, or more than, a man for clothing, the difference in their respective board bills cannot be much, if anything—why, then, should they not receive wages in proportion to their work? The editor of the *Gazette* says the Watertown banks are failing—that is, the snow-banks. This is news.

—We are glad to learn that that sterling paper *The True Witness*, of Montreal, has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation. We can attest the fact that it has of late made an immense stride also in general improvement. *The True Witness* is evidently in a fair way to become a power in the Dominion, if it is not such already. Its articles are gritty, well-written, showing clearly that able pens are at work for it; there is also a gradual improvement in the editing of the news department. If there be still room for improvement we think it is in the latter respect. The general news in a condensed form is always a desideratum in a newspaper—nay, even our magazines find it necessary to yield a little to the pressure in this direction. We wish *The True Witness* all manner of success.

—A very interesting sketch of "Fitz-Greene Halleck's Life Romance" is concluded in the last number of *The Brunonian*. The subject is interesting, and the article very ably written. The editorial, exchange, and the "Brunonic" departments show no lack of ability or diligence on the part of their respective editors. As a sample of the results accruing from their marking system—or, rather of the manner in which it is abused—the following item is given:

"When a Freshman went into the registrar's office to get his marks he was evidently astonished on being informed that he got G. in hygiene. 'Hygiene,' said he, 'why I never studied hygiene.' 'Yes, you did,' was the response, 'under Prof. Parsons.' 'Oh!' said the freshman, and a smile of childish joy beamed from his countenance, 'was that hygiene? I never knew what that was.'"

—*The Illustrated Catholic American* cannot fail to be a prime favorite with its patrons. Its editors seem to spare neither trouble nor expense in making it interesting, both in illustrations and reading matter. The casual reader first glances at the illustrations, which are generally excellent, then takes in the "Fractional Currency," scans the "Memorabilia," scrapes acquaintance with the "Personalities," and then sits down to a careful scrutiny of the bulkier contents. The "guid housewife" will, of course, before laying aside the paper, see what new "Recipes" are given, and, especially if a novice in the art, does not forget the "Household Hints." The "Boys' Amusements" and "Puzzles" are, of course, not devoid of interest—while the "Chess" games may or may not prove attractive, as the case may be. The serial stories, of course, are laid by for a spare hour. Altogether, the editors of *The Illustrated Catholic American* get up a handsome and interesting paper, second to none of its class.

—*The American Short hand Writer* is the title of a sixteen-page magazine started at Vineland, N. J., by Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox, in December last. The price of subscription is but \$1.50 a year. The object of the new magazine is the teaching of phonography by a number of

well-graded, easy lessons, arranged from the Manual of Isaac Pitman, the founder of the modern improved art of stenography. The Pittman system, notwithstanding the claims of later aspirants, and notably of Munson and Graham, is undoubtedly the most practical and thorough, as it is also the shortest and easiest, system extant, every sound that occurs in the English language being represented by a simple and separate sign, easy to write, and legible. That a practical knowledge of short-hand is of value to all classes of persons, and especially to book-keepers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, reporters, and all literary persons, no one with a knowledge of the facts can deny. When phonography was first published in 1837, the practice of short-hand was confined to a comparatively few professional reporters—men who had served long years of apprenticeship to the old-style stenography; now, owing to the great improvements made upon the original art, a large majority of the cultivated classes of England use phonographic writing extensively in their correspondence, while in the United States it is safe to say that one-fifth of our phonographers began the study within the past five years. This growing interest in the "coveted art," on the one hand, and because of the difficulties heretofore attending its acquisition, on the other, has given birth to the periodical known as *The American Short-hand Writer*, the chief purpose of which is to place the study of phonography within the reach of everyone, subscribers to the *Writer* possessing the privilege of having their exercises corrected through the mail. This is an excellent opportunity for those who wish to acquire a practical knowledge of this most useful art. The progress of the age demands a swifter method of communicating our thoughts to paper than the one ordinarily in use, and the system of Isaac Pitman in every way supplies that demand: in its present improved form the characters may be written just as legibly as the common long-hand, with at least, one-sixth of the time and with one-half the fatigue. The simplicity of the phonetic principles render their acquisition easy, and the prepared course of *twelve lessons* in *The American Short-hand Writer* gives an opportunity of learning them without encroaching upon the time that should be given to other duties. In fact, they can be made as much a source of recreation as a game of chess or checkers. Instead of being deterred from beginning the study by a formidable volume, or discouraged by the slow process of memorizing abstract principles or rules, the pupil will become at once interested by beginning to write almost as soon as he begins to study. Pitman says: "Experience has shown that the principles of phonography are mastered by most learners in a very short space of time, and that *an hour's daily practice* in reading and writing, *continued for a month*, will generally ensure tolerable facility in using it." Elias Longley, an excellent authority in phonetic matters, says: "The exceeding brevity of Pitman's Manual, on the one hand, and on the other the great prolixity of certain American authors whose treatises on Phonography crowd 250 and 300 pages, hinders many from trying to learn the art." Thomas Allen Reed, "the fastest reporter in the world," says of Pitman's system: "In the grouping of consonants by means of hooked letters in various positions and of various sizes, it secures a very considerable amount of brevity and variety of outline, while the vowel notation, based on an analysis of English sounds, instead of on the letters of the alphabet, is so complete as to afford the means of accurately and easily expressing words with which most systems would prove absolutely intractable." We are not proficient in the art, but we know enough about it to be able—after a careful comparison of samples of the different systems, given in Browne's excellent *Phonographic Monthly*, from month to month—to give the systems of the Pitmans—Isaac and Benn—an easy preference over all others. Lindsley's tachygraphy may be equally good—we are not prepared to decide positively—but, after all, it is only Pitman modified, with the characters reversed or otherwise changed, and hooked vowels replacing the dots, thus giving a better chance for continuous writing, but taking more space and time. The drawbacks of Munson and Graham are frequently spoken of by experienced reporters, but whether magnified or not we are not prepared to say. Altogether, Pitman's, if not the very best, is the equal of any other system, and we advise all who wish to learn it to subscribe

at once to *The American Short-hand Writer*. See advertisement elsewhere. Subscriptions may be addressed to Rowell and Hickcox, Vineland, N. J. We will gladly forward subscriptions from the students at Notre Dame or any of our subscribers or friends.

New Publications.

—"Die Messe und ihre Ceremonien" is the latest work published by Kreuzer Brothers, Baltimore, Md. The book is a translation into German from the well-known and highly meritorious English work entitled "The Mass and its Ceremonies," by Rev. J. O'Brien, late Professor of Liturgy at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. Alas for such a gifted writer to pass away so soon! The translation has been done by Dr. B. Engbers, Professor at Mt. St. Mary's, near Cincinnati. The translator has not only reproduced the English work in German, but he has also put it into a very pleasing and high literary style, two things rarely found in a translation. The work is written especially for the laity, but will not be a mean addition to the library of the learned theologian. The English original has passed in a few years through no less than seven editions, and we hope that the translation will reach an equal number in as short a time. The book contains over 330 pages, printed from good large type, and is put in a nice and very attractive form. The price is only one dollar, and may be obtained by addressing the publishers, Kreuzer Brothers, Baltimore, Md.

SEVENTY-THREE CATHOLIC TRACTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street. 1881. Price, 50 cents.

In the spring of 1866 the Catholic Publication Society issued the first of a series of tracts that in time ran up to seventy-three, which we have here in book-form. More than four millions (4,000,000) of these short and popular papers have been sold and circulated, and they have done an immense amount of good in removing many of the deep-rooted, but silly, prejudices that had been entertained against the Catholic Church by those who knew nothing of her actual doctrines and teachings. We are told in the preface to the volume before us that many Protestants have been converted by their means. But a more important matter is the instruction that can be derived from these short papers by Catholics who have neither the time nor inclination to read books on the various subjects of which they treat, and with which Catholics should be familiar in order to meet the objections that are everywhere and upon all occasions put forward against the doctrines and practices of the Church. The publishers say that an objection is sometimes made to the word "tract"; that they do not exactly like the word themselves, and if any friend can suggest a better they will cheerfully adopt it. We think it matters little what the title may be; the fact that good is done, and done in a way that is out of reach of ordinary publications, should be enough to encourage them to continue the work in its original form. We presume the Catholic Publication Society, the principal members of which are converts, are rather sensitive on this point, but they have no reason to be so. The zealous Father Furniss, C. SS. R., issued a series of tracts long before the Catholic Publication Society was formed, and another series was issued in Baltimore many years ago, from the Metropolitan Press, on the Bible, the Inquisition, the St. Bartholomew Massacre, and a number of other subjects in connection with which Catholics have been most outrageously misrepresented by Protestant and infidel historians (?) book-makers, and pamphleteers. As the Baltimore series is out of print, we think it would not be amiss to re-issue it in the Catholic Publication Society's series.

We would like to quote some of the many amusing incidents mentioned in some of these tracts, but space forbids. We will content ourselves with the dialogue between Uncle George and Mick Mooney, which closes No. 7—"What my Uncle said About the Pope." Uncle George having betaken himself, with his nephew and a newspaper, to one of the public parks, met there an old

friend, Mr. Thompson, who had been a minister and became a convert to Catholicism. A friendly discussion ensued upon the Pope and the Church, in which Uncle George came out second best. On reaching home, he saw an Irishman, Mick Mooney, chopping a load of wood, and determined to have a lift out of him, in satisfaction for his defeat with Mr. Thompson. Stopping before him, he said:

"Mick, who is the head of the Church?"

"The Pope, your honor, bless his holy riv'rence," replied Mick.

"But," said Uncle George, "our Church has no Pope. What is the use of your Church having one?"

"How could we iver know the differ betune a Catholic and a Protestint thin?" asked Mick.

"I don't understand you," said my uncle.

"Sure, if it wasn't for the Pope, the Protestints might be callin' thimselves Catholics, and the ministhers be settin' up for anointed priests of the althar, and there'd be nobody to the fore to say, 'Gintlemen, shtand back out of the way, if ye plaze, ye're not of the Fold at all at all, beggin' yer honor's pardon.'"

"But the Bible," said Uncle George, "could tell you, Mick,—better than the Pope, too,—whether you were of the Fold of Christ or not."

"I'm afeered not, sir," replied Mick. "For there are lots of Protestints, very fair an' honorable gintlemen they are too, who give a body a dacent day's wages for a dacent day's work [here Mick touched his hat], but the Bible doesn't seem to tell them."

"Why, Mick," said my uncle, "you talk as if you thought all us Protestants were out of the true Church because we don't submit to the Pope. You might as well say we are all heathens for the same reason."

"I believe," said Mick, "our Saviour said something like that too. 'He that will not hear the Church, let him be to you as a heathen and a publican.'" (Matthew, xviii, 17.)

"The Church, oh, yes!" said my uncle, "Very true; but the Church is not the Pope."

"Arrah, you're jokin' now," answered Mick, with a queer grin. "Ye couldn't *hear* the Church, I'm thinkin', if the Church didn't *spake*, an how is she to spake widout a head or a mouth?"

"There's some truth in that," said my uncle. "Come, Fred, the Pope has been in court again, and got off 'not guilty,' as usual"; and, taking my hand, he led me into the house, and up to his room, and then shut the door.

"Now," said he, turning to me, "you see what has come of your bad old Pope, little Inquisitive?"

"Oh, uncle George, what has come of him?"

"Why, just this, that your stupid old gouty uncle is very much inclined to think that those *two hundred and eight millions* of Catholics may be about right, after all; and," continued he, going to the window and waving his cane as if he was addressing somebody out in the street, "what a blind old mole he must have been not to see it before."

College Gossip.

—The Columbia Sophomores have decided to wear their mortar boards while on the college grounds.

—Kansas University will receive but \$75,000 from the bequest of W. B. Spencer, instead of the "untold millions" at first reported.—*Berkeleyan*.

—"That fellow is just like a telescope," said a dashing young lady, of a student. "You can draw him out, see through him, and shut him up again."—*Ex.*

—Mr. B.: "Prof., are these gas-receivers graduated?" Prof. D.: "They should be; they have been here more than four years."—*Queen's College Journal*.

—In the present Congress, thirty-four out of seventy-seven Senators, and one hundred and twenty-eight out of two hundred and ninety-three Representatives, are college graduates. The Eastern States have seven collegiate Senators; the Western, eleven; the Southern, fourteen.—*Berkeleyan*.

—The University College Council, Toronto, Canada, has declined to admit a young lady who has passed with credit

the examinations in the university, on the assumption that it would lead to a subversion of the moral order and discipline of the institution.—*Ex.* There is some sense in Canada yet.—*Acta Columbiana*.

—At a large meeting of the students held in Berlin, lately, to debate the best means for extending the anti-Jewish agitation, deputations from the universities at Gottingen, Leipzig, Kiel, Rostock and Halle were present. Fourteen hundred Berlin students and 1,022 Leipzig students and many others signed an anti-Jewish petition to Bismarck. The authorities have dismissed the agitator, Dr. Henrichs, from the post of schoolmaster.—*Concordiensis*.

—A young fellow, who had been in Paris for a year studying medicine, was visited by his father. Like a dutiful son, he parades his paternal conscientiously through the city, and points out its architectural lions. Finally they halt before a many-pillared building. "What is that lordly pile?" asked the old man. "I don't know," replied the youth; "but there is a sergent de ville." They cross over, and put the question. "That, gentlemen," said the official, "is the Medical School."

—The *Chronicle* states that there are at present 150 college papers published in the United States. Yale leads off with a daily, two bi-weeklies and a monthly, besides the annual publications. The circulation of some of the leading college papers are as follows: *Courant*, 800; *Record*, 600; *Lit.*, 550; *News*, 350; *Harvard Crimson*, 500; *Harvard Advocate*, 475; *Princetonian*, 1,000; *Nassau Lit.*, 450; *Acta Columbiana*, 500. The circulation of *The Chronicle* is slightly over 1,000. THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC prints a weekly issue of 960 copies.

—John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College, was an Englishman, who came to this country and died in Charlestown, Mass., on the 24th of September, 1638. He left £700 to found a college. A monument to his memory was erected in the burial ground at Charlestown by the alumni of the college, and was unveiled in 1828, with an address by Edward Everett. The late James Savage once offered \$100 a line for five lines about John Harvard, and got no information, showing the surprising lack of information regarding the great benefactor.—*Echo*.

—Dr. Wm. Pepper, of the Class of '62, has been elected Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. *The University Magazine* says:

Dr. Pepper is a man of well-known ability and energy, and his position in this community reflects credit not only on himself, but upon the college which educated him. Some fear has been expressed that all his interest will be in the Medical School, as he is a graduate and professor of that department; but we think that we can safely say that Dr. Pepper is too fair a man and has too strong a sense of the duties of his office to let one school suffer for the benefit of another. Besides, the interest which he has already shown in the students of our departments is a guarantee that he has our good at heart as well as that of the Medicals."

—The custom of the Scotch Universities of locking out has been introduced in Queen's, and five minutes after the hour strikes, the door of the class-room is locked. The students find it hard to fall in with the innovation, and many are the expediences resorted to for abating the hardship. Two students, who were detained in another class, bethought themselves of entering the class-room by the the Professor's private door, and were greeted with a roar from the class as they made their appearance. Another ensconced himself in the Professor's room, and the door being ajar, he was able to take his lecture with ease. Not so happy was the lot of the student who procured a chair, and sitting outside the class-room door took down his lecture despite the laughter of the students, both male and female, who were in the corridors. Even the staid old theologians are not exempted from this infamous practice, though they have only become aware of the fact through experience. E. G., a man of '81, after knocking repeatedly at his class-room door, and finding the Professor inexorable, was turning doggedly away; he met a reverend theologian whom he supposed to be a brother in affliction: "So you are locked out, too," he said. "Oh no," replied the R. T., with a superior smile, grasping the handle of the Hebrew class-room. But he was, and he came away from the door muttering some expressions which we hardly think are found in the Confession of Faith.—*Queen's College Journal*.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 26, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—The *Burlington Hawkeye* gives the following directions to its correspondents as to the manner of supplying manuscript:—Never write with pen or ink. It is altogether too plain, and doesn't hold the mind of the editor and printers closely enough to their work. If you are compelled to use ink, never use that vulgarity known as the blotting-pad. If you drop a blot of ink on the paper, lick it off. The intelligent compositor loves nothing so dearly as to read through the smear this will make across 20 or 30 words. We have seen him hang over such a piece of copy for half an hour, swearing like a pirate all the time—he felt that good. Don't punctuate. We prefer to punctuate all manuscript sent to us. And don't use capitals. Then we can punctuate and capitalize to suit ourselves, and your article, when you see it in print, will astonish, even if it doesn't please you. Don't try to write too plainly. It is a sign of plebeian origin and State School breeding. Poor writing is an indication of genius. It is about the only indication of genius that many men possess. Scrawl your article with your eyes shut, and make every word as illegible as you can. We get the same price for it from the rag-man as though it were covered with copperplate sentences. Avoid all painstaking with proper names. We know the full name of every man, woman, and child in the United States and the merest hint at the name is sufficient. For instance, if you write a character something like a drunken figure "8," and then draw a wavy line, we will know at once that you mean Samuel Morrison, even though you may think you mean Lemuel Messenger. It is a great mistake that proper names should be written plainly. Always write on both sides of the paper, and when you have filled up both sides of every page, trail a line up and down every margin, and back to the top of the first page, closing your article by writing the signature just above the date. How we do

love to get hold of articles written in this style. And how we would like to get hold of the man that sends them. Just for ten minutes. Alone in the woods, with a revolver in our hip pocket. Revenge is sweet; yum, yum, yum. Lay your paper on the ground when you write; the rougher the ground, the better. Coarse brown wrapping paper is the best for writing your articles on. If you can tear down an old circus poster, and write on the pasty side of it with a pen stick it will do still better. When your article is completed, crunch your paper in your pocket, and carry it two or three days before sending it. This rubs off all superfluous pencil marks, and makes it lighter to handle. If you can think of it, lose one page out of the middle of your article. We can easily supply what is missing, and we love to do it. We have nothing else to do.

—Success in life depends upon the proper employment of the time at one's disposal. How many precious moments do we allow to slip away! and how few are they who fully understand the necessity of improving every moment of their time! Many of us remain inactive when we should be bent to the work before us, nobly striving to attain the one great end of life—a happy consummation of its labors. To this end our every effort should be directed, our whole time devoted, and we should look upon every moment of time as lost which has not been employed with a view to the attainment of this object. As students, we must work hard; and, by utilizing every moment advantageously, endeavor to make ourselves competent to take our stand in the great struggle of life, and stand by our posts until, the contest over, the victor's laurel decks our brows. We must work always, unceasingly, heroically; and if we perform our duties faithfully, if we respond cheerfully to the appeals of our fellow-man, if we make all our actions subservient to the Divine will, we shall not find time in this life to rest from our labors. Eternity will afford us an asylum for our wasted frames and wearied minds, where our souls may bask forever in the sunshine of the Deity. Time misspent is time lost; time lost can never be regained: it is lost forever.

No less essential for the success of which we speak is the strict avoidance of the habits of procrastination. That old and often-quoted maxim, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," is one which we should continually hold before the eyes of our memory; for in it are embodied the principles of punctuality. If we do not form punctual habits while at college, the probabilities are that we will always be dilatory or backward in the performance of duty. It may be that, having left our *Alma Mater*, and tasted a morsel of the ups and downs of a busy and uncharitable world, we may soon regret not having practiced punctuality while we had such excellent opportunities. Its necessity will at once become apparent: and then, despite our exertions for its acquisition, we, having been for so many years forgetful of doing the right thing at the right time, will find it almost beyond our power to be punctual in the performance of the heavy requirements in the business of every-day life. We might cite innumerable instances of lives lost, fortunes ruined and lost, and hopes blasted, because of this execrable habit—deferring the performance of some pressing duty. That promptitude may be one of our many collegiate requirements, the practice of punctuality, in all our daily actions, even those which

we consider the most insignificant, is indispensably necessary. Everything, and, we may say, everybody, around us is subject to constant mutations, and at this moment we know naught of the emergencies that may arise and press upon us in the next. If, therefore, we would be prepared to meet emergencies, let us not defer those offices which, whether important or not, would suffer by neglect.

Perseverance, too, accomplishes a great deal; for it is the parent of ultimate success. The brilliant student does not always pass first over the home line in the race of life. A determination to succeed, combined with persevering efforts, will accomplish more than brilliant talents alone; and the dull school-boy, by persevering efforts, may often mount above his more gifted fellow-students. This he accomplishes by persistent, indefatigable labor, becoming discouraged at naught, but striking out boldly, resolved that, come what may, he will make such or such a study, or course, his conquest, or die in the endeavor. Shall we adduce an example to corroborate our assertion? Look at the career of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, the man who has held the highest and proudest position which a rich, powerful, and noble nation could confer upon any man. How did he reach such a high degree of distinction? Perseverance accounts for all. His greatest victories were won, not by the execution of startling designs, but by a determined perseverance in some premeditated plan of action. In him we behold a man who was once but a plough-boy, of moderate ability, rising through the various grades of public life until he plucked the fruit from the topmost branch of the tree of statesmanship, and occupied the chief magistrate's chair of one of the most brilliant nations on the earth. Of course we cannot all become warriors and statesmen, but we can all acquire excellence in the position to which we are called. A bountiful Providence has endowed us with the requisite faculties; and if we but make a discreet and proper use of them, our success in life is certain.

We have now spoken of the improvement of time, punctuality, and perseverance, three things without which there can be success in no undertaking. But there still remains another quality that should be found in everybody who wishes to win the race of life. We refer to ambition. "What," we imagine we hear our fellow-students saying, "would you ask us to cultivate and foster that self-same quality which caused the assassination of a Cæsar of old, and in our own times, caused the downfall and ruin of a Napoleon?" Do not forget that though there have existed men such as those mentioned, who were prompted in all their actions by an ambition to be condemned, yet there exists an ambition that is laudable—one which we, as students, should endeavor to acquire, if we do not already possess it. We mean that ambition which is pure and honest, willing to overcome every obstacle, but halting at the slightest dishonorable step. We mean that moderate and blissful ambition which will awaken within us a desire of doing our duty at all times and under all circumstances. We refer to that provident, punctual, persevering, and moderate ambition which will cause success to smile upon us at every step in our journey through life.

—"Do not look a week, a month ahead. Take care of the present. A man who does to-day what to-day requires of him is building surely and well."

—Although St. Joseph's Day was not observed as a holiday by the students of this University, or the majority of the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, yet it was not allowed to pass by unnoticed by those residing in St. Joseph's Novitiate. Through the kindness of Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau, we were invited to assist at its celebration, in that above-named sacred retreat, where so many pious priests and edifying religious have prepared themselves for the performance of the sacred functions of the holy altar or the practice of the austerities of the monastic life.

When we say that that *éclat* with which the festival of the Apostle of Ireland was observed was characteristic of the celebration of St. Joseph's Day, at the Novitiate, we are sure that not one of those present on the occasion will accuse us of exaggeration. Long before the hour appointed for the beginning of the day's festivities, nine o'clock, many of the priests and Brothers of the Holy Cross were seen wending their way to the place of celebration. A blinding snow-storm prevailed at the time, and but for which no doubt many who did not attend would have been present. As it was, the building was comfortably filled. At nine o'clock, Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau performed the grand and impressive ceremony attendant on the conferring of the religious habit upon an aspirant to the religious state, and the religious profession of three Brothers and two ecclesiastics. Many of us witnessed this ceremony for the first time, and our feelings on the occasion are indescribable. At the foot of the altar, in presence of the officiating priest, assembled clergy, Brothers, and invited guests, five young men solemnly pledged themselves, in the sight of Heaven, to forever renounce the riches and pleasures of the world, to lead in the seclusion of the monastic state a life of penance, poverty, and mortification. It was a solemn scene, made doubly impressive by the ceremonies which the Church employs on such occasions. Fully an hour passed ere this ceremony ended. Solemn High Mass was then celebrated by Rev. Father Francis, C. S. C., the esteemed Master of Novices, assisted by Rev. Fathers Fitté and Hendricks as deacon and sub-deacon, Rev. P. Moran being the master of ceremonies. The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary, a Society of the Minim department, were present in full regalia, and presented a fine appearance, added to which the beautifully and tastefully decorated altars, the many bright-burning lights placed in a number of highly ornamented candelabra, the rich and costly vestments of the officiating clergy, were well calculated to inspire one with an idea of the grandeur and sublimity of religion. Bro. Basil, C. S. C., presided at the organ. After the Gospel, Rev. Father Franciscus turned towards the newly-professed and graphically described to them the beauties of the religious life, recounted the many alluring snares they had avoided by making their profession, mentioned some of the obstacles they would inevitably encounter in persevering in their vocation, and exhorted them in a fervid manner to persevere to the end in the new state of life which they had but a few moments ago embraced, assuring them of the certainty of their eternal beatitude, if they but lived up to the promises which they had made to the King of Heaven. Profs. Lyons and Edwards were present during the whole ceremony. Mass over, the religious observance of the festival was brought to a close.

The next thing on the programme was the dinner, a right royal spread, which was partaken of by nearly a hundred

guests. Among others present, we noticed Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau, Rev. Fathers Granger, Maher, O'Keeffe, Frère, Walsh, Kirsch, Kollop, Fitté, Hendricks, Francisus; Rev. Messrs. Moran, Toomey and Verdan; Brothers Vincent, Edward, Francis de Sales, Fidelis, Hyppolitus, Basil, Frederick, Arnold, and Amedeus. Soon afterwards Prof. Paul made his appearance, in company with the N. D. U. C. Band, who played several beautiful pieces, causing the halls of the sacred edifice to reverberate the sweet strains. When several pieces had been played, Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau formally introduced Rev. Father Francisus to the members of the Band, by whom they were appropriately complimented on their good playing, and kindly invited to assemble in the dining-hall at half-past three. In the interim, they betook themselves to the reception-room, where they wiled away the time in song and general jollification. Three-and-a-half o'clock found all seated before a rich lunch, to which we paid our compliments in the best of style. Several toasts were proposed, and responded to, by members of the Band and the SCHOLASTIC Staff. We then adjourned to the reception-room once more, where, having spent another hour in a most enjoyable manner, the Band struck up several national airs, concluding with "Home, Sweet Home"; and then, after an interchange of thanks and compliments between guests and hosts, we retraced our steps towards the University, well pleased with the cordial reception given us by Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau, Rev. Father Francisus, and his gentlemanly assistant, Rev. Mr. Moran.

Thus passed off St. Joseph's Day at the Novitiate, a day which will not be soon forgotten. But this did not terminate the day's festivities; for as it was also the patronal festival of Prof. Joseph A. Lyons; he had been serenaded by the Band during the day, had listened to two well-written and highly complimentary addresses from C. Tinley and A. Rohrbach, the former representing the St. Cecilia, and the latter the Philopatrian Association, he resolved to show his appreciation of these spontaneous marks of esteem on the part of the students, by giving them an oyster supper in Washington Hall. We shall not here enter into any particulars concerning this *recherché* affair; suffice it to say, that all who were not bound to the observance of the Lenten fast took an active part in disposing of the bivalves. Good music for the occasion was furnished by Prof. Paul and Mr. F. Bloom of the University Orchestra. Rev. Father Walsh, Bros. Leander and Edwin, Prof. Edwards, Messrs. Eliot Ryder, and B. McGinnis, '73, were present. Masters Cleary, Rietz, O'Neill, Rhodius, Brinkman, Guthrie, Tinley, and Grever attended to the wants of all present. Prof. Lyons was the lion of the hour. That the Professor may live to see many happy returns of his patronal festival is the earnest wish of the SCHOLASTIC, in saying which we are sure that we but echo the sentiments of the Faculty and students of the University, and of the Alumni in all parts of the country.

Personal.

- Rufus McCarthy, '70, is assistant surgeon U. S. Navy.
- Rev. J. J. O'Shea, left for New Orleans Wednesday morning.
- C. Hutchings, '69, is at Havemyers sugar refinery, New York.
- Wm. Thoma, '64, is a prominent lawyer in Nashville, Tenn.
- Larry Wilson, '68, is in the iron business in Western Pennsylvania.
- Jas. McClain, '69, is doing well in the job printing business at Trenton, N. J.
- John C. Keveny, '68, "The Drummer Boy," is still Mr. Keveny at Fordham.
- Mrs. Taylor, of Chesterton, Ind., is visiting her son, Master Willie, of the Minim Department.
- Charley Forestal, '68, is in a branch paper store of a Philadelphia house, Dey street, New York.

—Jimmy O'Reilly, '69, visited his friends in Trenton, last week. Jimmy is as hale and hearty as ever.

—Rev. John Fitzharris, '68, assistant at St. Joseph's Church, New York City, is spending the winter in Havana, Cuba.

—Mr. T. A. Grever, Cincinnati, O., called at the University Wednesday, to see his son Master F. Grever, of the Junior department.

—Mr. J. W. Start, Chicago, Ill., called at the University, Saturday last, to see his son, Master J. Willie Start, of the Prep. Department.

—The pleasant countenance of our genial friend, Father Shortis, frequently beams in upon us. As a radical remedy for the "blues," we recommend an hour's conversation with the Rev. gentleman.

—Mr. J. Wilson informs us that he called on Bob Pinkerton ('68), of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, but Bob was out. "Never inquire at Bob's office as to where he has gone; no one knows." The next day, Bob reported with the recaptured "Red Leary," a notorious cracksmen.

—We are in receipt of a long and interesting letter from Jas. J. Wilson ('68), of Trenton, N. J., in which he speaks in most flattering terms of the SCHOLASTIC. The best proof that Mr. Wilson *does* like the representative of his *Alma Mater* is that he forwards us his subscription. He talks of visiting Notre Dame at no very distant day; we assure him of a most cordial welcome. He has our thanks for sending us some personal items.

Local Items.

- "Why! I don't see him."
- "Pap" never forgets to read.
- Do you read "Aurora Beacon"?
- "Stonewall" forgets us this week.
- "I will never go over there again!"
- How did you like Shakspeare's look?
- Has he? Oh, yes! certainly he has.
- "Jeems" continues to study astronomy.
- "Salty" would rather be styled "Fresh."
- The Law-students should study phonography.
- "Salty," you'd better climb up the elevator."
- Charley was caught in the act, Tuesday morning.
- The man from Blackberry Station is always on time.
- The Mississippi man's patriotism is as ardent as ever.
- He will never go back on the mule. He has sworn it.
- Prof. Lyons looked ten years younger on St. Joseph's Day.
- Did you see Barney, C—, and Romeo coming from town?
- "His faculty of missing what he goes for amounts to genius."
- Yesterday's fish dinner was one of the most unique of the year.
- If you wish to rise with the lark, you must go to bed without one.
- "Step outside and I will cut off your shoe-strings." Eh, Shawny?
- Those persons who give tit for tat usually give gossips a tit for tatle.
- Good handballists in the Minims. Eh, "Geawge"?
- Eh, John W.?
- Bro. Frederick is busily occupied in kalsomining Bro. Edward's office.
- A good short-hand writer can earn from five to ten dollars per diem.
- Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., returned from Coldwater, Monday evening.
- The Lemonnier Circulating Library is well patronized by all the students.

—The old fox has been captured at last. Ed will use no more "projectiles."

—Mr. G. Clarke, of the Staff, will lecture in South Bend to-morrow afternoon.

—A scrub game of baseball was played by the Minims, Wednesday afternoon.

—Don't you want to learn phonography? If you do, now is the time to begin.

—Master J. Bender, late of the Minim Department, is now a full-fledged Prep.

—"J. Willie" accompanied his father to Michigan, and returned Tuesday evening.

—"That is not your name, because he wears white clothes summer and winter."

—"Triple Tongue," come up and take another SCHOLASTIC. You'll be five cents ahead.

—One of the things with which you should not be too generous is your temper. Keep it.

—"He is fond of talking, and takes pains to see that he is noticed, even if he is in a crowd."

—John's bass solo on the river bank, Thursday, was greatly admired by our fair neighbors.

—The Philopatrians will appear in a public Entertainment towards the end of the present month.

—We have ordered a supply of chromos with which to reward "Charley Ross" and our other poets.

—To-morrow, 4th Sunday in Lent, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung. Vespers of a Confessor, Bishop.

—Tell it not in Gath: it is whispered that one of our good-looking Seniors will be married next fall.

—Under the efficient training of Capt. Cocke, the students have already learned to parade creditably.

—We wonder if C. J. B. enjoyed it, Monday morning, on leaving the refectory. "Pete" thinks he did.

—"Fuller" says to "Salty:" "Will you never take a tumble to yourself?" Alas! vain fleeting hopes!

—We desire the secretaries of the different Baseball Clubs to hand in their reports as soon as possible.

—We have not heard from our weather-prophet for some time. Suppose he's waiting for the full moon.

—"Guy" is anxiously looking forward to the happy moment when spring, gentle spring, will come to stay.

—The "Professor" now says that he does not get enough sleep. Father O'Keeffe says it's not his fault.

—Leave it to Moriarty. "What's your opinion on the Chinese question, Mory?" "Och! sure, I haven't one."

—Our "funny man" is cautioned to be more careful for the future, otherwise somebody will be *Stretch*-ing him ere long.

—Subscribe for *The American Short-hand Writer*, and learn to write short-hand before June. Useful for everybody.

—It is now evident that President Garfield has slighted the Smith family. Not one of that great family in the Cabinet.

—Prof. Paul is deservedly popular with the Band boys. He does everything in his power to make things pleasant for them.

—The Mutual B. B. C. will contest the Junior Championship with the Excelsiors. Some close playing will be witnessed.

—There was but a river between us; but as the water was both deep and cold we found it impossible to make connections.

—The Band are loud in their praise of the cordial reception accorded them by Rev. F. Franciscus last Saturday afternoon.

—We were visited by a "regular old rip-snorter of a blizzard," as a certain Prep. termed the snow-storm on Saturday afternoon.

—Professor Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., was the recipient of many warm congratulations on the Feast of St. Joseph, his patron Saint.

—Be sure to read the notice of *The Short-hand Writer* in the Exchange department, and also the advertisement in another column.

—Our friend John swears that he'll spoil the personal appearance of the next man that asks him if he was born on the 1st of April.

—The latest addition to the students of the Minim department is Master B. Powell, from Paris, Ill., who entered last Thursday.

—Some one should get after the corresponding secretary of the Junior Archconfraternity. He's very negligent in handing in his reports.

—For our own part, we have ceased to care for "Baby Mine." But the king of the Fiji Islands is very fond of it. He likes it well done, too.

—"Interesting sketches of Preps." form the most interesting features of recitation in the First Grammar Class of the Preparatory department.

—We will send subscriptions to *The American Short-hand Writer*. Who will interest himself in the movement, and get up a club of three or six?

—We visited the Academy of Music last Tuesday, where we listened to some good piano playing by Messrs. Sugg, Rietz, Rhodius, and Homan.

—We expect to see some excellent playing by the baseballists during the spring. Who'll win the University championship, the Juniors or Seniors?

—"Charley Ross" has been engaged to coach the Excelsior B. B. C. We understand that the Excelsiors will place a strong nine in the field this season.

—Prof. Lyons received two highly complimentary addresses from the members of the Philopatrian and St. Cecilia Associations on Saturday afternoon.

—And now "Duzen" avers that we cannot any longer insert that name in these columns without wounding his feelings. All right, we'll "Duz" so no more.

—The members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association return a unanimous vote of thanks to Bro. Leander, Prof. J. F. Edwards, and Prof. Paul, for favors.

—St. Joseph's Day was appropriately celebrated by the inmates of St. Joseph's Novitiate. A full account of the celebration appears in our editorial department.

—Messrs. Cleary and Guthrie were acolytes-in-chief, and Messrs Farrelly and Echlin light-bearers at the 10-o'clock Mass on Sunday, Rev. D. E. Hudson being celebrant.

—The following are the public readers of the Senior Department: W. Arnold, J. Solon, F. Bloom, W. McGorrick, G. Sugg, M. Healy, G. Clarke and D. Danahey.

—It is singular how many youths who turn up their noses at cabbage on the dinner-table, consume it with great gusto under the guise of "pure Havana fillers," three for ten cents.

—"Charley Ross" will not join any of the B. B. Clubs, but says that after he has fulfilled his engagement with the Excelsiors he will act as umpire for the championship games.

—The 18th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held March 19. Declamations were delivered by Masters C. C. Echlin and J. Chaves. J. W. Kent was elected to membership.

—"Abandoned at Sea" is the title of a beautiful poem of thirteen stanzas, written by Mr. Eliot Ryder, and inscribed to Prof. Joseph A. Lyons and the St. Cecilians of '80, '81. The author has our thanks for a copy.

—We have in our possession a beautiful little rosary, composed of small steel beads. We found it on Wednesday afternoon. The owner may have it by calling at our sanctum and promising to say them for us three times.

—Prof. Paul has arranged "The Hunting March," a beautiful and rather difficult piece, for the Band. His untiring efforts in behalf of this organization are fully appreciated by everyone who can comprehend the difficulties of such an undertaking.

—"Deadwood" talks of pitching for the Star of the East B. B. C. We saw him practicing in the Senior Hall.

on Monday afternoon. The balls "wint buzzin' by." We would advise the Juanitas and Excelsiors to ask "Deadwood" to coach their pitchers.

—A raid was made on the desks in the Preps' study-hall, Tuesday evening, and several contraband articles taken from them; and now some of the aspirants after honors wish that the publishers of "The Nickel Library" had collapsed some time last month.

—Captain Cocke has our thanks for his kindly interest in procuring new subscribers for the SCHOLASTIC. If a few more of our friends would manifest a like interest, our subscription list would, in a short time, be swelled by the addition of at least a hundred names.

—We understand that Prof. M— has applied for admission to the church choir; we were aware that he is very modest in regard to his many accomplishments, but it will be quite a surprise to his numerous friends to learn that he is quite an amateur vocalist. Fact.

—The Columbian Literary Club celebrated the seventh anniversary of their foundation last Friday night, the Feast of the Annunciation. Prof. Lyons who, with Rev. Father Lemonnier, founded the Club, addressed the members, and speeches were made by Prof. Edwards and Mr. Thornton.

—We are informed of the existence of a stray, yellow-colored canine on the heights of Mt. St. Vincent. Our informant says that the animal referred to may be a dog, but from the way it howls at night one would be inclined to believe it a quadruped of altogether a different nature.

—Rats infest and often undermine the greatest edifices. Be not surprised or disturbed, therefore, if you are aware of the existence of a few ill-bred individuals—rats in human form—who will endeavor, by exaggeration and falsehood, to undermine your character. Do your duty; heed them not. They are society's pest.

—Prof. Lyons has not entirely abandoned the idea of giving the Philopatrians an opportunity for applying the incendiary torch, sometime during the coming month, to the City of Bertrand. The Philopatrians have been "Burning Bertrand" for the past fifteen years, so tradition has it, and we think that it is about time they "let up" on that business.

—The Elocution Class of the Minim department was favored by a visit from Very Rev. Father General last Monday. Among those whose reading received special notice from the Very Rev. examiner were D. G. Taylor, St. Louis; C. C. Echlin, San Francisco; C. E. Droste, Cincinnati; J. S. Courtney, Washington; H. A. Snee, Chicago; G. E. Tourtillotte, Toledo.

—We have heard more than one speak in the most complimentary terms of the excellent acting of Mr. Thos. Kavanagh at the late Entertainment. Indeed it would have been difficult to have found anything to criticize in the acting of any of the young gentlemen on that occasion. We are sorry that we were unable to speak of the actors individually in our report of the Entertainment.

—The 20th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society took place March 22d. Songs were sung by Masters O'Kane and Schaefer. Readings were given by D. C. Smith, F. Wheatley, A. Rohrbach, G. Kipper, H. Devitt, and J. L. Heffernan. Declamations were delivered by A. Schiml, E. Smith, J. Bennett, E. Cullinane, H. Sells, G. Schaefer, A. Browne, F. Prenatt, H. Dunn.

—We know of a certain individual, Samson-like in appearance, whose nocturnal slumbers, he says, are often disturbed by noise in an adjacent room. We are somewhat interested in the matter, and can assert, without fear of contradiction, that the noise referred to exists only in the imagination of that individual. We recommend him to take a few doses of Mrs. Winslow's soothing-syrup every night, before retiring.

—Prof. Lyons has been at the University of Notre Dame 23 years. He seems to think that this is a very long time, and threatens that when he shall have rounded a quarter of a century of teaching, he will retire. Nonsense. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton College, who died in June, 1878, was 81 years old, and had been a professor at Princeton for 56 years. Prof. Lyons has at least 40 years of good work

ahead of him. We feel assured that, with God's blessing we shall live to see him calling out the Cecilians of 1921.

—"Man wants but little here below,"
So sang the roving British bard;
Some like their pudding with soft sauce,
And some prefer it hard.

For tastes are various as the stars,
Yet all agree in this one bent:
Whatever men love here below,
They lose no love on Lent.

—Our friend John imagines himself to be one of the best punsters in existence. Just read the following remarkable witticism, which he recently handed us for publication. He informs us that it really happened at the oyster supper in Washington Hall, Saturday evening: "Marshal (to Duzen)—'Duz' you like bivalves, Duzen?' " "Yes: but no *Marshall* I take this evening." Perhaps the above is funny. We don't know. We shall be obliged to ask the opinion of our "funny man."

—For many reasons we decline publishing "Stonewall's Dream." The diction is so pure and erudite that, did we publish the poem, the whole college press would, for weeks to come, endeavor to persuade us that a member of the Faculty wrote it. Hereafter, "J. Willie," when you send us a communication, be careful to avoid the use of your beautiful metaphors and other figures, otherwise the Faculty will receive the praise which your productions are sure to draw from the college world.

—We are taught to be smart at the University of Notre Dame. The other day a student met a friend in South Bend, who said to him: "Where's Hall?" "What Hall?" asked the student. "Alcohol," replied the citizen. "Oh," said the student, "he's with John." "What John?" said the South-Bend man. "Demijohn," said our smart boy. And then that enterprising Hoosier went away and hid himself for the rest of the day. You have to get up early in the morning to get ahead of us.

—Through the kindness of President Corby we were enabled to read, in the columns of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, the eloquent oration delivered in the Music Hall at Cincinnati, on St. Patrick's Day, by Judge Cleary, of Covington, Ky., father of Master W. C. Cleary, of the Preparatory department. We have read every speech of note on the Land-league question since the agitation began; but we have read few that equalled, and none that excelled, that of Judge Cleary on the occasion referred to. Had we space, we would recreate our readers with a few extracts.

—We have given Bros. Celestine, Leander and Albert a few copies of the American *Short-hand Writer* containing the short-hand alphabet, and many interesting remarks pertinent to the subject. Short-hand writing is now receiving the attention of many leading educational institutions in the United States. The day is near at hand when no one will be called an educated man without being a proficient in the "coveted art." This matter will receive notice in our editorial columns next week. In the mean time, those desiring to investigate the matter, would do well to call on either Bros. Leander, Albert, or Celestine.

—The 24th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held March 18th. W. Gray was elected Monitor, *vice* McDermott resigned. E. Orrick read a long essay on "Thoughts," which was the best of the season. J. Morgan gave a sketch of the life of Thos. Jefferson. Selections from "Longfellow" were given by C. Tinley and J. O'Neill. A selection from "Shakespeare" was then given by R. E. Fleming. Declamations were delivered by J. Fendrick, F. Kleine, A. Bodine, C. Brinkman and J. Homan. Public readers for the coming week are as follows: A. Bodine, G. Rhodius, E. Prenatt, W. Gray, F. Kleine, C. Tinley, J. Morgan and C. Rose.

—Two kind-hearted Preps., G. J. R., and J. W. G., entered the Minims's Hall, Sunday morning, for the avowed purpose of showing them how to play handball. Generous beings! to take such an interest in their younger brothers. They were soon matched by two Minims, and the game, the whole Minim department being spectators, commenced. At the expiration of twenty minutes, the score stood 14 to 9 in favor of, not the Preps., but the Minims. Five minutes more of hard playing and the Minims were victorious. Cheer upon cheer arose from the interested

and enthusiastic lookers-on, while two Preps. were seen to beat a hasty retreat through a rear door. The Minims are anxious to receive a few more lessons from the same Preps.

—"Blows from a friend are more to be desired than the caresses of an enemy." In other words, look upon the man who will confront you with your failings as your best friend. Shun, as you would the very breath of pestilence, him who, while he greets you with a smile and a kind word, will, a minute after, attempt to ruin your reputation.

—Tuesday, was the 12th anniversary of the entrance of Master Harry Snee, Minim Department, into this mundane sphere. In other words, Tuesday was Harry's birthday. He was made happy on that day by obtaining recreation, and receiving the warm congratulations of his many young friends. The SCHOLASTIC wishes to add its congratulations to those already given, and hopes that Harry may grow up to be a young man of moral worth, and one of whom his *Alma Mater* may always feel proud.

—They say that our unreconstructed friend made the oysters look sick at Saturday night's oyster-supper. We respectfully submit for his perusal the following lines, handed us by our poet:

He waited for his oyster stew,
And drummed upon his plate
A solo with his knife and fork,
And thus did meditate:
"I think one plate would not suffice;
I think I would not rue it,
If I should take another dish;
I'll do it, yes, I'll *duet*."
He took his stew, he took his two,
And then he heaved a sigh, O!
And said to good Professor L—
"Another dish I'll *trio*."
Another, and another still,—
In fact, when he had ceased,
This human oyster depot had
A *quartette* at the least.

—We noticed last week a rather obscure joke, to judge from the perpetrator's explanations, in regard to one of the "staves" selecting the insurance business as his profession. Now this was very far-fetched; so much so, that it seems to have been sent over by the great "Tell"-faced Fiend of Cairo; in fact, even tastes "Salty," and requires airing. The authorship of the L — D — T — has long been shrouded in mystery; but should the esteemed gent give vent to another such ebullition as the last, he will surely find himself elevated with an understanding of admiration, since genius ever commands respect. For the benefit of a suffering public, we advise him not to tax his *comical* faculties in this wise; to let the American Eagle rest peacefully, else we may feel obliged to humiliate him by giving for his consideration the 139th verse of the *Ars Poetica*.

—Young Fitz-Charles Augustus Porter
Plays "Baytoven's Moonlight Snorter,"
While the world sits all enraptured,
And the noodle-heads are captured
By the dignity and ease
With which he ballywhacks the keys;
And he wanders all the while
Through andante cantabile,
Vivace and allegro,
Forte, pianissimo,
Staccato, fugue, roulade,
Scherzo, tempi, crescendo,
Diminuendo, faro, keno,
Sostenuto, claro, maduro,
Oscuro, colorado, bureau,
Con moto, con espressione,
Con undrum, mezzo, adagio
Con amore, con maguire—
Gracious hevings! What's the wonder
We are startled by such thunder?
Foolish, silly youth, you oughter
Lay aside that "Moonlight Snorter,"—
Let it climb the golden stair—
Give us rather "Maiden's Prayer,"
"Swanny River," "Hazel Dell,"
Or the "Monastery Bell."

—Books placed in the Lemonnier Library during the past week: The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell, Illustrated; The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Illustrated; The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley; Poetical Works of John Keats, edited by

W. B. Scott; The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood; The Beauties of Shakspeare, with a general index, by Rev. William Dodd; Shakspeare's Gems; The Mind of Shakspeare as exhibited in his Works, by Rev. A. A. Morgan; Life of Washington, by Benson J. Lossing, with one hundred and fifty steel-plate illustrations, 3 vols.; The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, to which are added those of his companions, by Washington Irving, Illustrated, 3 vols.; History of the United States from the Earliest Period to the Administration of James Buchanan, by J. A. Spencer, D. D., Profusely Illustrated with Highly Finished Steel Engravings 3 large vols.; Battles of the United States by Sea and by Land, Henry B. Dawson, Illustrated, by Alanzo Chappel, 2 vols., elegantly bound; The Massacre of St. Bartholemew, Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX, by Henry White; Schiller and his Times, by Johannes Scherr, Translated by Elizabeth McClellan; General Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, by P. C. Headly; The Life and Death of Jason, a Poem, by William Morris; Bitter Sweet, a Poem, by J. G. Holland; Algiers' Juvenile Stories, 6 vols.; *Scribner's Monthly*, Vols. XIX, XX, XXI; Poems, by Miss Eliza Allen Starr; Oliver Optic Juvenile Stories, 4 vols.

—Pending the friendly contest between the *College Courier* and *Scholastic*, and in consequence of the little unpleasantness between us and the *Varsity* and *Niagara Index*, the young ladies of Outario College, Whitby, Ont., publish the following in their *Sunbeam*. The young ladies say that the contest began as follows:

Who wants to fight?
"I," says Mr. *Varsity*,
With his native "perversity,"
"I'm ready to fight."

Who'll take him up?
"I," says *Scholastic*,
"With my pen so plastic
I'll take him up."

Who'll feed the flames?
"I," says the *Index*,
"They're easy to vex,
I'll feed the flames."

Who'll wisely reprove?
"I," says Queen's *Journal*,
"Because I'm so venerable,
I'll mildly reprove."

Who'll laugh at them both?
"I," says *Rouge et Noir*,
"I look on from afar,
And I laugh at them both."

Who'll think it's fun?
"We," cry the others,
"We watch our big brothers,
And we all think it's fun."

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, F. J. Baker, F. M. Bell, C. W. Bennett, A. A. Bodine, T. F. Byrne, G. E. Clarke, F. Clarke, T. Cullinan, J. J. Casey, B. Casey, L. F. Callagari, L. E. Clements, D. Danahey, J. D. Delaney, D. English, M. B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, J. M. Falvey, F. J. Garrity, F. W. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healy, W. S. Huddleston, W. Berry, M. T. Healy, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Korty, T. Kavanaugh, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrick, W. H. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. McIntyre, G. A. Monahan, J. J. McErlain, J. J. Malone, F. Morrison, M. J. McEniry, J. C. Newman, H. H. Noble, G. Nester, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, A. Pimyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, W. Ratterman, F. J. Rettig, J. T. Redmond, J. Solon, J. S. Smith, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, H. C. Simms, B. F. Smith, W. Schofield, C. H. Thiele, S. P. Terry, G. S. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, A. Wiseheart, W. T. Walsh, W. R. Young, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler, C. Brehmer,

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Browne, C. J. Brinkman, J. H. Burns, W. H. Barren, M. Block, A. M. Coghlin, J. A. Casey, E. Cullinene, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, J. V. Cabel, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, H. F. Dorsel, J. W. Devitt, A. J. Dennis, T. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, Fred Fischel, L. F. Florman, J. J. Gordon, L. P. Gibert, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, H. P. Hake, F. J. Hurley, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Hoeman, G. J. Haslam, T. D. Healey, A. T. Jackson, F. H. Kengel, F. A. Kleine, C. C. Kollars, G. C. Kipper, Sam Livingston, W. P. Mahon, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, H. W. Morse, E. C. Orrick, J. P. O'Neill, E. M. Prenatt, D. G. Paul, G. J. Rhodius, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, J. Ruppe, W. E. Smith, C. Schneider, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, E. E. Smith, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, F. J. Woeber, F. W. Wheatly, T. Williams, M. A. McNulty, N. J. Nelson, H. M. Lannan.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. E. Droste, C. C. Echlin, R. Costello, J. A. Kelly, W. T. Berthlet, E. A. Howard, T. McGrath, D. O'Connor, L. J. Young, W. M. Ods, W. F. Hanavin, H. A. Kitz, J. A. Frain, J. Moroney, W. Taylor, F. B. Farrelly, J. Ruppe, A. B. Bender, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, J. W. Kent, D. L. McCawley, H. J. Ackerman, W. Rea.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

P. Hoffman, Jos. Gordon, A. Mendel, F. Kengel, A. Browne, A. Rohrbach, T. Williams, A. Gall, J. Farrell, F. Boone, J. Courtney, C. Schneider, E. Cullinene, C. Brinkman, G. Schaefer, H. Rose, R. E. Fleming, M. G. Butler, A. Jackson, J. Whelan, F. Fischel, W. Barren, H. Morse, A. Dennis, D. Paul, M. McNulty, G. Kipper, Jas. Solon, B. F. Smith, F. Bell, E. Taggart, H. B. Dulaney, W. Schofield, L. Calligara, A. Pimyotamah, M. Healy, M. Huddleston, M. Falvey, J. Larkin, J. Kindle.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. C. Snee, D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, J. S. Courtney, W. T. Berthlet, A. G. Molander, R. Costello, J. A. Kelly, J. A. Frain, A. J. Van Mourick, E. A. Howard, H. C. Kitz, H. Metz, J. C. Haslam, W. Taylor, T. McGrath, G. E. Tourtillotte, J. Moroney, W. Thompson, J. H. Dwenger, J. Ruppe, F. B. Farrelly, W. Rea, W. J. Miller, E. B. Bagard, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, D. L. McCawley, C. Metz, J. W. Kent, J. Nester, J. L. Rose, M. E. Devitt, A. B. Bender.

List of Excellence.

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Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kat. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 a. m.	4 00 p. m.	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p. m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p. m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 18 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a. m. 6 30 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m. 4 15 p. m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted
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FOR 1881.

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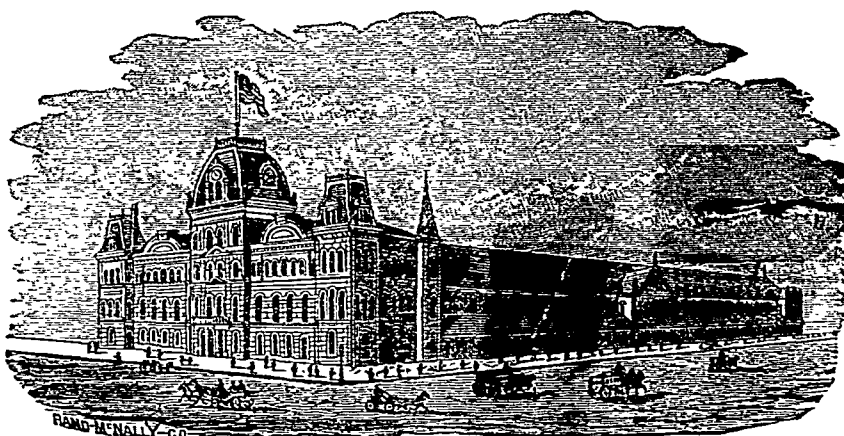
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GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m.; Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.

11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.

12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 p. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.

9.03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.

1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.

4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.		2	4	6	8	20
		MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Ex- press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....	Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing.....	"	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "	"
Miller's.....	"	9 10 "	"	"	12 05 a.m.	"
Chesterton.....	"	9 32 "	"	"	12 33 "	"
Otis.....	"	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "	"
Laporte.....	Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "	"	"	"
Laporte.....	Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend.....	"	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka.....	"	11 15 "	"	9 20 "	2 35 "	"
Elkhart.....	Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo.....	"	5 25 p.m.	"	"	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland.....	"	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo.....	"	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York.....	"	"	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston.....	"	"	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.	"

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